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A
WILLING
OFFERING



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A WILLING OFFERING.

"Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"

1 Chron. xxix, 5.

"All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee:"

1 Chron. xxix, 14.

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280. b. 66.



TO

My Mother

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.



P R E F A C E.

THE writer of the following simple verses feels, that in offering them to others for their perusal, some apology is perhaps needed. They were never composed with any view to publication, but merely written from time to time as the thoughts occurred. They lay claim to no intrinsic value ; they are only printed with the hope of realizing a small sum for the benefit of a most distressing case, in which the writer's warmest sympathies are enlisted, and the details of which may possibly interest those to whom this appeal is made. The poor sufferer is a clergyman of the Church of England, who formerly held a curacy in Kent, and was distinguished for his earnestness, devotion to God's

service, and eloquence as a preacher. He is now utterly unable to discharge the duties of his profession, being afflicted with creeping paralysis. The sad disease, advancing slowly but surely, has not only deprived him completely of speech, but also weakened the powers of his mind, so that in no way can he contribute to the support of his wife and four children. With the earnest hope of mitigating in some degree such suffering, and in simple reliance upon Him who can command a blessing, this effort has been made. Should it induce any whom He has blest with means to stretch forth a hand to the helpless, the writer's object in publishing these verses will have been attained.

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ERRATA.

- Page 8, *for "Arnand's" read "Arnaud's"*
,, 63, *for "light" read "lift"*
,, 83, *for "precious" read "gracious"*
,, 100, *for "frame" read "flame"*

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A Willing Offering.

"Have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath
touched me :" Job xix, 21.

OH ! ye whom God hath richly dowered
With this world's golden store,
I lay, in loving sympathy,
A sufferer at your door.
Anguish of body, mental care,
Have chronicled each day,
And fell disease, with measured step,
Creeps slowly on its way.

Whilst human skill must stand aside
And own its power is nought,
The Great Physician only holds
The remedy, love sought.
All hope on earth has well-nigh fled,
He must the burthen bear,
Yet crushing seems the sorrow, linked
So closely with despair.

And he for whom I now would plead
Hath gently nurtured been,
He little dreamed life's close should be
So dark and drear a scene.
That penury should rudely press
Within his homestead fair,
And darken with its shadow dense
The sunshine nestling there.

Ambassador of Christ he was,
Bearing his words of love,
And many a soul his crown shall be
In heaven's bright courts above.

Those lips that breathed his Master's name
No more may utterance find ;
And sadder still disease hath laid
Its finger on the mind.

Oh ! trifling is the help I crave,
A mite ye will not miss,
The overflowings of a cup
Brimming with earthly bliss.
Say will ye not a portion send
To him and his this day ?
Remembering to the Lord ye lend
What He will well repay.

“A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger :” Prov. xv, 1.

OFT the hasty speech escapes us,
We may deem its influence light,
Could we read the hearts around us,
We should tremble at the sight.

Tremble at the pain and anguish,
Wakened by our words of scorn,
Weighing down the wearied spirit,
Which e'en then, too much had borne.

Words of anger, cruel are they
Who shall say how great their might ?
Many a young and joyous spirit
Sinks beneath their withering blight,
Oft they wake a bitter feeling,
Often fill with wrath the soul,
Pangs inflict that know no healing,
Passions rouse that pass control.

Ofttimes too are friendships parted,
By a word all light and vain,
And perchance the links thus broken
Ne'er on earth unite again.
Words, though trivial we may deem them,
Have a power to heal or kill,
Bid the pulses throb with anguish,
Or the quivering nerves be still.

Words of love how priceless are they,
Anger's self they can disarm,
Gently still the bosom's frenzy,
And the soul's wild tempest calm.
Looks and tones of love and kindness,
Though their worth may seem but small,
Yet on hearts 'neath sorrow drooping,
Like refreshing dew they fall.

Let us all then strive in earnest,
Guard our lips, our tongues restrain,
Seek to add to others' pleasures,
Seek to lessen others' pain.
Blest are they who self-forgetting,
Happiness on others shed,
Fadeless coronals of glory
God shall wreath around their head.



ON THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

Sept. 20th, 1854.

ENGLAND rejoice ! on Alma's heights
Thy sons have nobly fought,
Victory is theirs, tho' at the price
Of many a brave heart bought.

In days of old, their courage tried,
The world was fain to own,
And Alma proves thy warrior sons
Have not degenerate grown.

All honour to the chief who leads
Proud Albion's hosts to war,
His skill and valour oft were tried
In battle-fields of yore.

With our lamented duke he served
In many a hard campaign,
His dauntless heart and spirit high
Time hath no power to tame.

With ardent hearts our gallant men
Advance to meet the foe,
And tho' to murderous fire exposed
No signs of weakness show.

Calmly the Alma's flood they cross
In close and firm array,
Their eager steps no danger dread,
Scarce death * itself could stay.

The foe, entrenched on heights they deem
No human foot can scale,
With wonder view our brave allies
And feel their courage fail.

Advancing quick the heights they climb,
Now every nerve they strain,
Hurrah ! the top-most crag is passed,
The "Plateau" wide they gain.

The English troops their right attack,
The French their left have flanked,

* Alluding to the cholera which is said to have followed them to the battle field.

The day is won, the Russians flee,
Oh ! let our God be thanked.

All honour to our brave allies,
Fresh laurels they have gained,
And well on Alma's blood-red field
Their old renown sustained.

Mourn for the dead ! St. Armand's loss
France deeply must bewail,
Struggling with pain, he nobly fought,
His brave heart did not fail.

Full many a home in England's isle
Echoes the voice of woe,
For those on whom bright hopes were fixed
The unsparing sword laid low.

Some were struck down in manhood's prime,
Some in life's early morn,
From kindred's smile and woman's love
By death they're rudely torn.

Ah! many a home is desolate
And many a heart is crushed,
Deeply we all must feel for those
Whose loved ones death hath touched.

England rejoice! my country, yes,
Thy joy I know is deep,
Yet still, mid thy rejoicing, spare
A sigh for those who weep.

ON AN INCIDENT WHICH OCCURRED ON THE
FIELD OF INKERMANN.

O'ER Inkermann's victorious field
The moon a fitful radiance cast,
Ah! what a scene her light revealed
Whilst raged around the wintry blast.

Glorious indeed the strife that day
When England's guards so nobly fought,
The British Lion stood at bay
Till France her timely succour brought.

Mingling in close and firm array
The victory hand in hand they won,
Proud Russia's legions prostrate lay,
Their power all crushed ere set of sun.

'Twas midnight and the strife was o'er,
The gallant dead bestrewed the ground,
Long since had ceased the cannon's roar,
And solemn silence reigned around.

The moonlight streamed o'er one whose woe
Had bowed to earth his manly head,
He sought with faltering step and slow
His much-loved master 'mongst the dead.

Closely the tie that bound was drawn,
Servant and lord alike had fared,
The humble and the nobly born,
The simple meal had ever shared.

The couch of both but yesternight,
Had been the cold and wintry ground ;
Yet were their slumbers pure and light,
The same coarse blanket both drawn round.

And now but few brief hours had passed,
Since foremost in the fight he fell,
The brave young lord had breathed his last ;
His servant's grief what words can tell ?

From the ensanguined field he bore
The honoured form so justly dear ;
Those death-sealed lips shall part no more,
The voice he loved ne'er meet his ear.

The carriage of an English gun
The warrior's funeral car composed ;
And ere had set that wintry sun,
His corpse in hallowed ground reposed.

Nor ceased that faithful servant's care,
His grave with flowers was planted o'er ;
In Balaklava's churchyard fair
He sleeps—on earth to wake no more.

And now, his work of love complete,
With bursting heart he left the spot ;
And in a distant lone retreat
All save his bitter loss forgot.

Back to his native isle he sailed ;
Vainly they sought his steps to stay ;
They proffered gold—but nought availed,
He turned with bursting heart away.

“ In battle’s front, my master dear
“ I’ve lost,” he mournfully replied ;
“ No longer will I tarry here,
“ My brightest hopes with him have died.”

Whene’er the deeds of warrior bold
The theme shall be of poet’s song,
Leave not his servant’s love untold,
Oh, be his worth remembered long.

“ What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know
hereafter : ” JOHN xiii, 7.

IN a home which love had hallowed,
Which thou deemedst secure from care,
Oh ! widowed, childless mother,
Can death have entered there ?

Has he despoiled thee of thine all,
The gems thine heart hath worn,
And left thee with the casket fair,
To mourn thy jewels gone ?

Faint must thy spirit be and sad,
Weeping a double woe ;
In one short month, a husband loved,
A cherished babe, laid low.

I know thine anguish is too keen,
Too deep for words to tell ;
But yet that grief is sent by One
Who doeth all things well.

Perchance He saw thine heart engrossed
By gifts which He had given,
And so, in mercy to thy soul,
Thy dear ones called to heaven.

He would not let thy spirit burn
Incense at idol fires ;
But strove to lift to heaven's own light,
Thine earth-bound, cold desires.

He knew the chains that bound thy soul,
Were forged by human love ;
And that those fetters must be broke,
Ere thou would'st look above.

He saw 'twas needful, and His hand,
Severed those cherished ties ;
But deem not, that unmoved He heard,
Thine agonizing cries.

No ! think not that He calmly sees,
The grief that fills thy heart ;
In every pang that rends thy soul,
Thy Saviour bears a part.

But oh ! He loves thee far too well,
To do thee aught but good ;
If He, one stroke thy soul could spare,
Believe me, that He would.

Sooner by thee, thy darling child,
Could be remembered not,
Than thou, by thine own gracious Lord,
One moment, be forgot.

On earth perchance, thou can'st not see
Why these things should be so ;
But rest thee on thy Saviour's words,
"Hereafter, thou shalt know."

Precious as were thy dear ones, yet
No selfish love was thine ;
Thou wilt not, then, tho' great thy loss,
At their bright joy repine.

Whilst yet they lingered here below,
Sorrow and sin they knew ;
And lowering clouds too often hid,
Their heavenly home from view.

Thy love would fain have shielded them
From touch of earthly ill ;
But powerless was thine arm and weak,
Tho' strong and firm thy will.

And now that they are far removed,
Beyond the reach of pain,
Thou wouldst not, surely, call them back,
To tread this earth again.

Oh ! could'st thou, for one moment, see
The joys in which they dwell ;
Thou from thine inmost heart, would say,
“ Tis with my loved ones, well.”

Thy darling babe, 'twas hard I know,
To yield her to the Lord ;
But still the beauteous gem was lent,
It must have been restored.

Then sorrow not, as one to whom
No blessèd hope is given ;
Thy jewels are but kept for thee,
More brightly set in Heaven.

“ THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

SWEET lily of the valley !
My childhood's favourite flower,
Still o'er my heart thou dost retain,
Thy wonted, soothing power.

Emblem of purity thou art,
And beautiful as pure ;
No marvel that thy magic spell
For ever should endure.

I gaze upon thy loveliness,
Type of that perfect kind,
For which the spirit seeketh,
But on earth can never find ;
And, then my thoughts all gratefully,
To Him who made thee, turn,
Remembering the lesson,
Which of thee, He bade me learn.

Bright floweret, thou wert honoured,
When thy Maker's gentle voice,
Bade His people think upon thee,
And whilst thinking, to rejoice.
Since He who hung those fairy bells
Upon thy slender stem,
Who cared for, and who nourished thee,
Much more would care for them.

How oft when dark the future seemed,
And darker still the past,
Have I thanked thee, for reminding,
Where the burden might be cast ;
And other thoughts thou bringest,
For thou ever lov'st the shade,
Thou seekest not the sunshine,
Where thy loveliness would fade.

Thou call'st to mind humility
That lovely, heavenly grace,
Which craveth not the foremost,
But selects the lowest place.
Thou dost remind me too, of One
Who, whilst He dwelt on earth,
Deemed all its pomps and vanities
But things of little worth.

And well to meekness such as His
Of word, and thought, and tone,
Applied thy name, sweet floweret,
Which He deigned to call His own :

The lily of the valley!
No other flower to me
Could of my Saviour's lowly grace
So just an emblem be.

And since such thoughts as these entwine
Around thy graceful bells,
No marvel that their soothing power
Upon my spirit tells ;
My childhood's favourite still is dear—
I love its touching grace,
And to thee, lily, yet assign,
Mongst flowers, the foremost place.

May, 1859.

"I know their sorrows :" EXOD. iii, 7.

'TWAS midnight, and a little band
Of watchers circled One
Whose life of suffering neared its close—
His race was well-nigh run.

Gethsemane's mysterious woe
 Pressed heavily on Him,
No marvel that His brow was sad,
 His eye with watchings dim.

One moment faltering manhood shrank,
 The cry to heaven went up,
“ If it be possible, my God,
 “ Take from my lips this cup.”

But oh ! my Father, let Thy will
 Be perfected in me ;
Thus breathed His spirit, e'en in sight
 Of the “ accursëd tree.”

The cup was drained, it could not pass
 Untasted to the earth ;
Nought but a Saviour's agony
 Could speak redemption's worth.

He suffered, and can feel for all,
 Each spirit faint and sore,
May bear its wounds, to Him whose heart
 Is skilled in sorrow's lore.

And in that thought is precious balm,
For oh ! who does not feel,
That pain almost unbearable
Which we from all conceal.

Fresh courage take then, drooping one,
On life's rough ocean tossed,
Remember what He bore for thee,
Think what thy "ransom cost."

Call thou to mind, Gethsemane,
When dark misgivings rise,
In thy Redeemer's agony
Thy truest comfort lies.

And wrong not such deep love as His
By one suspicious thought—
The knowledge of thy secret pain,
At suffering's price He bought.

When most oppressed by grief and care,
Turn not from Him away,
Forget not what His own words were—
"Think'st thou I cannot pray?"

Had that sweet solace been denied,
Bitter the cup indeed,
For human strength could ne'er have met
The drooping spirit's need.

Oh ! try then for thyself the balm,
Pour forth thy soul in prayer,
And lightened will the burden be
Thy spirit has to bear.

June, 1859.

"He calleth thee :" MARK x, 49.

RISE, trembler, for thy Saviour calls,
Wilt thou not hear His voice ?
He bids thee come, just as thou art,
And in His love rejoice.

Start not ; His gentle tender words
Shall quickly soothe thy fears,
Answer, like Samuel of old,
" Speak, Lord, thy servant hears."

The heart of childhood well he knows,
He was Himself a child,
In all things tempted as thou art,
Yet not by sin defiled.

Then seek Him, tell Him that thou would'st
Be His, and His alone ;
Ask Him to pardon all thy sin,
And seal thee for His own.

Doubt not, but earnestly believe,
He knows thine every pain,
And none who seek the Saviour's love
Shall seek that love in vain.

The lambs He carries in His arms,
Onwards to His abode,
Fearing their tiny feet might fail,
And sink beneath their load.

Thou art so safe, so very safe,
Wrapped in that close embrace,
Thy name, engraven on His heart,
Henceforth shall nought efface.

Just trust Him, and those sheltering arms
Shall never loose their hold,
Until His little child is safe
Within the heavenly fold.

Keep close, and daily strive to show
Thy love for Him is true,
In every thing His blessing seek,
His will at all times do.

Then shall thy peace be great indeed,
Untroubled thou shalt rest,
And all shall see how blest are they
Who lean upon His breast.

MY NATIVE LAND.

ENGLAND ! my own loved native isle,
Land of the free and brave !
Long may thy power and glory shine
Resplendent o'er the wave.

Thy sea-rocked isle, a tiny spot
On Europe's chart appears,
And yet unconquered thou hast been
From history's earliest years.

Now planted on Crimean soil
St. George's banner proudly floats,
And through the listening anxious world
Have pealed war's trumpet notes.

Britain's proud legions side by side
With France's warriors stand,
Yet sickness, hunger, want, and woe
Have thinned that glorious band.

Nobly e'en now have Albion's sons
And Gallia's heroes bled,
O'er them three hard-fought battle fields
Immortal glory shed.

Thrice have the legions of the Czar
Met with defeat, disgrace ;
And thrice before our dauntless ranks
The soldier-serfs gave place.

And yet, though Albion brave thy sons,
Methought the whisper came,
See ! mighty England casts aside
Those on whom rests her fame.

“ Where are those noble wounded ones
“ Whom fever’s touch had spared,
“ If those for whom they perilled life
“ Had for their welfare cared.”

Alas ! alas ! to charge like this
What answer can we make,
Thousands have died through sad neglect,
And we no reckoning take.

Ah ! generous high-souled warriors,
My heart hath oftentimes bled,
When of deep woes so nobly borne
The harrowing tale I read.

Truly on Albion’s scutcheon fair
There rests a fearful stain,
Would that to life she could recall
Her lost, her brave again !

Yet ne'er shall neighbouring nations point
The shaft of satire keen,
Ne'er shall they say that Albion's power
Is not what it has been.

No, no, my country, rouse thee now,
For past neglect atone,
Remember that in bygone days
No rival hast thou known.

Nor shalt thou now, for foremost still
Does Albion's banner wave,
Still are her sons by Europe owned,
The bravest of the brave.

TO FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

FAIREST of Albion's fair and gifted daughters! hail!
Not mine with hand profane, to lift the graceful veil,
In which thou seek'st to shroud thy pure and matchless
deed,
Rich fruit it truly seems, of holy, heavenly seed.

Thou need'st not, valuest not, man's feeble praise,
To higher aims and nobler views, devoted are thy days ;
And yet thy country fain would pay, her debt of love
to thee,
Florence ! thy name by England's sons, shall ever
cherished be.

Foremost on virtue's glittering roll, thy name shall
brightly shine,
Fame, wealth, and talents great and rare, these much-
prized gifts are thine ;
And yet thou leav'st them, can't forsake thy cherished,
household band,
Impelled by deepest, purest love, to seek a foreign
strand.

With womanhood's deep, earnest thought impressed
upon thy brow.

Thou turn'st from pleasures false and vain, to soothe the
suffering now ;
'Mid scenes where death and agony make many a spirit
quail,
Composed thou art, yet Florence say, does that brave
heart ne'er fail.

Cradled in wealth, can'st thou e'er cope, with hardships
great and deep ?

Thou can'st, for o'er thy footsteps blest, thy God a watch
doth keep ;

And on thee many a blessing rich, shall mercy deign to
shower,

In answer to the prayer of those, thou sooth'st in pain's
dark hour.

Many of England's bravest sons shall live to bless the
day,

That saw thee track old ocean deep, and onward speed
thy way ;

And fondly shrined in many hearts, thy name will ever
be,

Those hearts whose treasures under Heaven, they feel
were saved by thee.

Some few there are, unkindly laugh, at what they coldly
deem

The fitful workings of a fond, yet weak enthusiast's
dream ;

But heed them not I say, brave, noble generous heart,
On conscience clear, and duty's shield, falls harmless
satire's dart.

Go then, endowed with virtues rare, pursue thy glorious
path,
Though deeply felt thy loss must be, by thy domestic
hearth ;
Yet England owns with grateful pride, her gifted
daughter's name,
And minstrel's song shall widely spread, thy matchless,
deathless fame.

WRITTEN ON MY LITTLE COUSIN FOR HER
MOTHER.

“Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me ; for of
such is the kingdom of heaven :” MATT. xix, 14.

My own, my darling Anna !
Tho' many a year hath flown,
Since from these arms that circled thee,
Death claimed thee for his own.



It seemeth but as yesterday,
The fell destroyer passed,
And o'er thy fair and childish brow,
His awful shadow cast.

How still my spirit yearns for thee,
It will not, cannot rest ;
Earth's joys all poor and powerless seem,
To fill this aching breast.

My idol hath been shattered,
My fairest hopes o'erthrown ;
How can I cease to mourn for thee,
My beautiful, my own ?

Thou wert cull'd, my spotless lily,
In the fresh and dewy dawn,
Ere thy petals had unfolded,
To the laughing eye of morn.

The sun had scarcely tinged thee
With his faint and earliest ray,
Ere the hand of death transplanted thee,
To realms of endless day.

I bent me o'er my flower,
 'Twas agony to part,
So closely were the fibres twined,
 So rooted in my heart.

But yet, thou wert so pure, my child,
 So early ripe for bliss,
That I blest the love that summon'd thee
 To a brighter world than this.

E'en in my grief I thanked my God,
 For how could I repine
Since happiness unspeakable
 For evermore was thine ?

For thine own sake, my precious babe,
 I did, I do rejoice,
But who can tell how oft I yearn
 Once more to hear thy voice ?

In dream-land oft thy fairy form
 Is present to my view,
Thy rosy lips still woo my kiss,
 As they were wont to do.

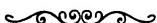
Too quickly does the vision pass,
I am again alone,
I turn me to the earth once more,
How dark have all things grown.

Thy dying words so soft and sweet,
In memory's ear still ring—
“ Yes, I should *like* to die, for death
“ Has lost its venom'd sting.”

“ I fain would go where Jesus dwells,
“ But still, tho' heaven *is* dear,
“ I'd rather wait a wee while yet
“ With my sweet mother here.”

Her prayer on earth might not be heard,
“ Father, Thy will be done,”
But grant my child and I may meet
When life's swift race is run.

May, 1856.



"His servants shall serve him :" Rev. xxii, 3.

No work, however lowly,
But we to God may take,
And ask a blessing on it
For the Redeemer's sake.

And that sweet name shall make it
A joyous task and free,
And thus shall all we find to do
Our "Father's business" be.

Then fear not, young believer,
When Satan's whispers rise,
"Thou art so poor, so feeble,
"God will thy work despise."

Not so ; it was thy Saviour,
Thine own dear loving Lord,
That said, of her whose fingers
The precious ointment poured,

“ Let her alone, why trouble her?
“ She hath done what she could.”
Then tremble not, thy motives
Shall thus be understood.

And if, when days are dreary,
Thou art oppressed and sad,
Go whisper all to Jesus,
And He will make thee glad.

But seek Him, too, in sunshine,
None sympathize as He,
And the heart’s gushing gladness
He loveth well to see.

Ours is a gentle Master,
So tender and so sweet,
Thrice happy they who, Mary-like,
Sit lowly at His feet.

Oh ! may His spirit guard thee,
From every grief and ill,
And strengthen thee each day and hour,
To do His holy will.

"THE ANGEL CHILD."

From an American prose publication.

AN *angel* child? the title high
Beseems not one of Adam's race,
To mortal babe can ne'er apply,
A name of such transcending grace.

Oh! say not so, but listen now,
Whilst I a truthful tale unfold,
Of one upon whose baby brow
There rests the martyr's crown of gold.

But few had been his infant years,
They scarce had numbered seven,
Yet well, I ween, had griefs and tears,
Baptized the babe for heaven.

A parent's watchful, tender love
The boy had never known,
Yet He who dwells in light above,
Had called the pearl His own.



He was a child with sunny hair,
And eyes so deeply blue,
Methought, at times, the spirit fair
Shone all too brightly through.

A stranger marked his wondrous grace,
And longed the prize to win,
Tho' lovely were the form and face,
'Twas lovelier far within.

But all unknown, unheeded too,
The spirit's priceless worth,
'Twas hidden from the stranger's view,
His thoughts were all of earth.

His home had never known the sound
Of childhood's artless glee,
He deemed the treasure he had found,
Would life and sunshine be.

Yet in that home the gentle child
Found not a mother's care,
His spirit pure and undefiled,
Received no welcome there.

She loved him not, that matron cold,
Her hopes were fixed on earth,
Of heaven's undimmed, untarnished gold,
How should she know the worth ?

The boy to her a mentor seemed,
His ways, unlike her own,
Reproved her often-times she deemed
By purity alone.

Of guilty deeds it chanced one day
The child had witness been,
“Oh ! mother do not so, I pray,
“Your sin by God is seen.”

Those simple words her spirit shook,
Her wrath may not be told,
“Reproof,” she cried, “I will not brook
“From lips of baby mould.”

The child she to her hushand led,
His tears she heeded not,
A chastisement severe she said
Should be that infant’s lot.



No murmur from the sweet child broke,
He suffered long and well ;
“ Dear, dear papa, the truth I spoke,
“ A lie I cannot tell.”

Deeply the little sufferer sighed,
That sigh life’s close foretold ;
“ Oh kiss me, dear papa,” he cried,
“ I’m growing very cold.”

Hushed was the voice—the spirit’s light
From those blue orbs had fled,
The martyr-babe, so pure and bright,
Was numbered with the dead.

Nobly his race on earth was run ;
And well to him applied
The title he had bravely won,
“ An almost angel child.”

America ! the boy was thine,
And dear to thee his fame ;
Yet all who love the truth divine
Must sacred hold his name.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged.'

OH ! check that word of bitterness,
That harsh and angry tone ;
The heart that thou condemnest
May be guiltless as thine own.

'Tis true, thine eye hath witnessed
The outward act of sin,
But thou know'st not the temptation,
Thou canst not look within.

Unseen by man the struggle,
And unheeded the fierce strife,
Which may have crushed that spirit
On the battle-field of life.

Thou canst not mark the trials
His daily path may know,
Nor guess one drop of bitterness
Would bid his cup o'erflow.

It may be, that in childhood
No watchful mother's care
Curbed the fierce, headstrong passions,
Or framed the lips to prayer.

And the world, with its seductions,
Hath proved, alas ! too strong,
And the spirit weak, hath yielded
To the syren's flattering song.

Oh ! rather shouldst thou pity,
Than all too hardly blame ;
Perchance, hadst thou been tempted,
Thy weakness were the same.

Or if thou hast been victor
The strength was not thine own,
For thou, too, wouldest have fallen
Hadst thou tried to stand alone.

Then kindly deal and tenderly,
With him who may have erred,
And add not to his burden
By a harsh, ungentle word.

The sorrow which his sin must bring,
Shall be enough to bear ;
Then tremble lest thy coldness
Should drive him to despair.

Bethink thee if, unpardoned,
Oh ! where wouldst thou appear ?
And if mercy hath been shewn to thee,
How can'st thou be severe ?

Put far from thee the harshness
Be thou the wanderer's friend,
And on thee shall a blessing
From the Merciful descend.

Thus to thee it may be granted,
A soul from death to win,
And in such joy the blessedness
Of heaven itself begin.

July, 1859.



THE FIRE AT SEA.

HEAVEN's azure vault was cloudless,
And the balmy zephyr's breath,
Spoke not the storm that late had raged,
Fraught with despair and death.

Yet that terrible storm had scarce passed away
E'er the dimpling waters in calmness lay.

The gallant ship no danger feared,
As she breasted the bounding waves,
And yet ere six short hours had fled,
She sank in the dark sea caves.

Yet it was not the storm, though its fury raged,
With a far worse foe the strife she waged.

From India's shore that vessel sailed,
To the Isle of Mauritius bound,
And the hearts of her gallant crew were light,
As they joyed in the calm profound.
Ah ! little they dreamed of the terrible strife,
Which ere night set in had menaced their life.

The captain was standing on the deck,
A fair young matron near,
They talked of their native land, a theme
To the hearts of both most dear.

When a sudden sharp cry of terror rung,
And the shout of "Fire" was on every tongue.

They eagerly strove to arrest the foe,
But alas! they strove in vain,
The treacherous wind with the fire was leagued,
And they heeded nor grief nor pain.

It was over—she sank, and that vessel proud,
'Neath the gulphing waters her tall masts bowed.

A tiny boat, which the flames had spared,
The unhappy crew had gained,
They had crowded in—'twas their only hope,
But alas! no place remained
For the pilot, whose arm was so needful to save,
Their bark from destruction, their life from the wave.

The o'erloaded boat, no arm could direct
Was already sinking fast,

And the roll of the distant thunder told
Too surely the coming blast.
The captain and seamen a conference held
And the course they resolved on by fear was impelled.

Two victims must fall to the public good,
But who shall those victims be?
Can we ever decide? can we cruelly throw
Their lives to the raging sea?
But death's dreaded pinions were hovering near,
And the whispers of pity no bosom would hear.

Two slaves of dark Afric's hated race,
Were tending with gentlest care,
And fondly watching, mid that dread scene,
O'er their mistress young and fair.
The sailors' quick eyes their dark figures surveyed,
And the choice of the victims was instantly made.

But the captain dreaded they might resist
And a struggle perchance ensue,
T'were madness to try it in that frail boat,
Whose peril too well he knew.

He turned from the sailors with tears in his eye,
They had whispered, "the woman and babe must die."

The slave had caught those terrible words,
And their meaning rightly guessed,
A few brief words to his brother spoke,
And the captain then addressed :
" We will make room, but first solemnly swear
" That the lives of our mistress and babe you will spare."

" Beloved mistress, fare thee well,
" They vowed thy life to spare,
" In heaven's bright land the slave is free,
" Oh ! may we meet thee there."
She implored, she entreated, but all was in vain,
They leaped from the vessel, they sank in the main.

Oh ! generous beings whilst yet on earth
Your heritage was woe,
Mongst men perchance your names are lost,
In heaven it is not so.
Such noble devotion more glorious is deemed
Than the deeds of those heroes by men most esteemed.

TO J. T.

"He took a child."

THY hand, oh! loving Saviour,
Took my darling boy away,
Thou know'st 'twas hard to yield him,
But I could not say Thee nay.

Thou wouldest have spared mine only one,
The prop on which I leaned,
Were it not that from all idols
Thy people must be weaned.

Upon my babe there rested
The sweet "dew of his youth,"
And the Spirit's early guidance
Had led him to "the truth."

His Father's choicest blessings
Were on him showered down,
And the jewel bright was polished
For the Redeemer's crown.

With Hannah's faith and earnestness
I "asked him of the Lord,"
But I little dreamed how quickly
The loan should be restored.

And though I knew my treasure
Would be so safely kept,
I turned me from the casket spoiled,
With aching heart and wept.

But yet I would not, if I might,
Disturb his peaceful rest,
Though oft I yearn once more to fold
My darling to my breast.

I love in thought to soar above,
E'en to his happy home,
So bright and so unfading,
Where sorrow cannot come.

For I know, oh ! loving Saviour,
That to Thee his heart was given,
And that where Thou art, my boy must be,
Safe in the courts of heaven.

I thank Thee, from my inmost soul
For taking him away,
From a life of toil and suffering,
To realms of endless day.

Yet for one thing more I bless Thee,
That my race is almost run,
The sun of life is setting fast,
Earth's labour well-nigh done.

My feet are standing on the brink
Of Jordan's river dark,
And I wait but for Thy bidding, Lord,
To launch my fragile bark.

I tremble not, though cold the waves,
And loud the billows roar,
I know that Thou wilt pilot me
Across to yonder shore.

And then, oh! joy unspeakable,
Within the "golden gate,"
My darling with his loving words
To welcome me doth wait.

The hand that took him once away,
Shall give him back again,
Arrayed in robes of dazzling white,
And free from spot or stain.

In the deep bliss of meeting,
Sorrow shall vanish quite,
Grief shall be lost in gladness,
Hope swallowed up in sight.

Then shall we, oh! my Saviour,
Together chant Thy love,
For ever and for ever,
In our home of bliss above.

December, 1860.

"I told you, and ye believed not :" JOHN x, 25.

OH! solemnly methinks these words
Of Christ our Lord will sound,
To those who at the judgment hour
On His left hand are found.

“ I told you ” that my blood could cleanse
From every crimson stain,
Alas ! no credence in your hearts,
Those words of truth could gain.

“ I told you ” that eternal life
Might be your happy lot,
But ah ! that life seemed worthless then
And now ye have it not.

“ I told you ” he who came to Me
I ne’er would cast away,
Had ye but trusted Me and come,
Ye had been blest this day.

“ I told you,” that a place in heaven
For you I would prepare,
Ye heeded not, ye turned away,
And murmured “ Earth is fair.”

“ I told you ” that the world must pass,
Polluted was its rest,
And only in My Father’s house
Could ye be fully blest,

“ I told you ” and your inmost souls
Felt that my words were true ;
I did beseech you to believe,
My love no more could do.

Had I not spoken, then your sin
Had found perchance a cloke,
Nor mid the regions of the lost
Had self-reproaches woke.

Ye did not trust Me, nor believe
I could with life endow ;
It is too late—the door is shut—
Ye cannot enter now.

Oh ! Saviour, may these solemn tones
Ne’er break upon our ear ;
Cause us, we pray Thee, now Thy voice,
Thy warning voice to hear.

Help us to take Thee at Thy word,
To trust our all to Thee,
And just believe Thy promise sure
Can never broken be.

Then shall we gladly, thankfully,
At Thy right hand exclaim,
“ We did believe, we trusted Thee,
“ And now Thy truth proclaim.”

October, 1861.

“ Why stand ye here all the day idle ? ” MATT. xx, 6.

I HEARD Thy words, my Saviour,
And I started at their sound,
For lo ! from earliest childhood,
Thy work I've sought around.

I long to do Thy bidding,
Yet the murmuring thought will rise ;
The labour which I covet most,
Beyond my reach still lies.

The “ talents,” which Thy love hath lent,
From Thine own treasury came,
And with them I would humbly seek
To glorify Thy name.

I cannot hide them, if I would,
I may not slothful be,
For I must render an account
Of gifts bestowed on me.

Yes ! I must work, but how begin,
I cannot see my way ?
Saviour ! the shadows lengthen fast,
And far spent is the day.

I hear the night's advancing tread,
And nought may then be done ;
Oh ! something give Thy child to do
Before the set of sun.

Others are working all around,
Happy and blest are they ;
Oh ! is there nought that I may do,
Must I inactive stay ?

Perchance Thou canst not trust me, Lord,
I know that I am weak,
But yet I crave not worldly praise,
Thy smile alone I seek.

For work I long so earnestly,
My spirit will not rest ;
It may be, that the wish is wrong,
Saviour ! Thou knowest best.

And if it please Thee to deny
What most I covet here,
Help me to check the rising sigh,
To stay the falling tear.

Thou dost not need my feeble strength,
Then let me not repine,
The lot of others may be work,
To stand and wait be mine.

And in Thine own good time, I know,
To me it shall be given
Thy holy will to do on earth,
And praise Thy name in heaven.

Yet even now, methinks Thy voice
Is sounding in mine ear,
“ My child ! why look for work abroad,
“ Forgetting what is near ?

“ Are there no dear ones at thy hearth,
“ Who need thy care and love ?
“ Go, raise their thoughts from earthly joys
“ To light and peace above.”

“ Oh ! bring thy treasures unto Me,
“ Believing in My word,
“ And own that in such mission blest,
“ Thy prayer for work is heard.”

July, 1859.

ON AN INCIDENT IN SPANISH HISTORY.

“ Ah ! Ferdinand, my noble son !
“ And have I lived to see
“ The standard of rebellion
“ Upraised and borne by thee ?

“ My beautiful, my only one,
“ The idol of my heart !
“ How can I bear the maddening thought
“ That traitorous thou art ?

“ Thy youthful deeds, thy manhood’s fire,

“ My heart rejoiced to see,

“ I little dreamed thy father’s throne,

“ By thee, should menaced be.

“ Deep griefs and anxious cares have traced

“ Their furrows on my brow,

“ Yet light all anguish seems, compared

“ With what I suffer now.

“ Full many a year hath passed away,

“ Since first my people’s voice,

“ Hailed me with deafening shouts, and crowned

“ The monarch of their choice.

“ My youth had passed, yet in its stead

“ Was manhood’s vigorous power,

“ And now the winter of old age

“ With snow my head doth shower.

“ Yet still Spain’s mighty kingdom lies

“ Submissive at my feet,

“ And think’st thou I will tamely yield

“ My crown and monarch’s seat ?

“ No, No, the crown thou covetest,
“ The sceptre thou would’st wield,
“ Thine, ingrate son, shall never be,
“ Until my breath I yield.”

Alphonso ceased—emotion now
Was lost in passion wild,
The Moorish prince’s aid he craved
Against his rebel child.

With speed the generous Moor advanced,
The Christian-king to aid,
And when they met a simple speech
His noble soul betrayed.

“ In battle’s front, the foremost post
“ I yield to thee,” he cried,
“ Since by misfortune’s cruel hand,
“ Alphonso, thou art tried.

“ Besides a father’s lawful power,
“ I now would fain support,
“ By Allah ! thy rebellious son,
“ Thy favour soon shall court.”

“ Ah! noble prince,” Alphonso cried,
“ A generous heart is thine,
“ Thy creed is false, yet must we own,
“ Thy virtues brightly shine.”

They met and heaven’s omnipotence
The cause of right maintained,
Yet midst their joy, by cruel deeds,
The victors were unstained.

The Spaniards, when the battle ceased,
Their king a prisoner brought,
And on his knees the sorrowing son
His father’s pardon sought.

“ Rise, rise, my son, my Ferdinand,”
The aged monarch said,
Then stooping laid his trembling hand
Upon the young man’s head.

The moments flew, the prince kneeled on,
Waiting his father’s will,
Those hands dropped lifeless from his head,
The monarch’s heart stood still.

"What wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan :" JER. xii, 5.

OH ! bright one I list to thy silvery tone,
And watch thy sweet dimpling smile,
Yet even whilst gazing I cannot but own
That my spirit is saddened the while.

Sparkling the cup thou art drinking, I know,
And fair seems the world unto thee,
Thou reck'st not of suffering, thou dream'st not of woe,
And I pray they may far distant be.

I would not a cloud on thy forehead should rest,
Nor thy bright eye be dimmed by a tear,
Yet I would that the things which to me are the best,
Were to thee of all others most dear.

The cup would be luscious, aye sweeter than now,
The prospect more sunny and bright,
If the gem of thy youth, which thou wear'st on thy brow
Were gleaming with heaven's own light.



Perchance thou wilt say, "it suffices for thee
 "That the lot of the trifler is blest ;"
But believe me thou soon wilt its hollowness see,
 Not in this can thy spirit find rest.

Yet suppose thou wert happy as heart could desire,
 Whilst unclouded thy heaven of blue,
Yet when age's cold hand shall have quenched thy
 youth's fire,
Oh ! tell me, what then thou wilt do ?

Thou must weary at times, too, of pleasure's gay round,
 Its delights on thy senses must pall,
And wouldst thou confess it, perchance thou hast found
 That the chain which thou wearest can gall.

I would not that brightness be followed by night
 When spent is thy life's fairy morn,
But I ask that a purer and steadier light
 O'er the home of thy spirit may dawn.

And fear not that gloom is the portion of those
 Whose treasures are garnered above,

Their peace nought disturbs, like a river it flows,
And reflects but the sunshine of love.

Their joys are far greater, more lasting than thine,
For they trust not to cisterns that fail,
But draw from the well-springs of mercy divine,
How can fear then their spirits assail?

Believe me, when Jordan's dark river is near,
And thou, too, must pass through its flood,
That nought can sustain but a covenant clear,
Which is sealed in Emmanuel's blood.

Then trifle no longer, but turn thee to Him,
And repose in the arms of His love,
When death's gathering darkness thy bright eye shall
dim,
Thou may'st smile for thy home is above.



AFTER HEARING A SERMON PREACHED IN
CHRIST CHURCH, BRIGHTON.

"Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift :" 2 Cor. ix, 15

REJOICE, rejoice, ye sons of earth,
Let glad Hosannas ring,
With praises hail Emmanuel's birth,
The long-expected king.

Rejoice, for on this glorious morn
The bands of sin are riven,
To us this day a child is born,
To us a son is given.

The priceless worth of that fair gift,
What words can e'er express,
From death's dark realms our souls to light,
With endless life to bless.

Vainly our stammering tongues essay
To chant such matchless love,
Feeble the tribute they can pay
To Him who reigns above.

Deem it not strange that speech is weak,
Though high emotions swell,
When grateful most, we least can speak,
Few words our feelings tell.

A gift it is—that thought is blest,
In truth it is no loan—
On this assurance we may rest,
For ever 'tis our own.

Nor life, nor death, nor friend, nor foe,
Can snatch it from our grasp,
'Tis our own doing if below
Faith's hand her hold unclasp.

Oh ! let us trust and be at peace,
Simply "the gift" receive,
From our own works and merits cease,
As children, just believe.

Warmly we would our Father bless,
Our notes of triumph wake,
Jesus, our All, our Righteousness,
We are saved ! and for His sake.

TO C. P.

"I the Lord do keep it....lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day :" ISAIAH xxvii, 3.

My darling ! art thou really gone ?
Are all thy sufferings o'er ?
Shall I ne'er see that angel smile
Light up thy sweet face more ?

A little while thou dwelt with us,
We scarce had known thy worth,
When suddenly thy Father's voice
Called thee away from earth.

The seal of heaven was on thy brow,
And yet we marked it not,
We dreamed of happy years to come,
A cloudless earthly lot.

The bud of promise was most fair,
But ah ! the opening flower
Was far too beautiful for earth,
It blooms in Eden's bower.

The blighting air of this cold world
It could not long have borne,
And so He gathered it Himself
In morning's dewy dawn.

To me, my own, thy spirit turned
In gladness, grief, or pain,
And ever in my heart thy tones,
Sweet echoes woke again.

None knew thee, darling, as I knew,
None ever loved thee more,
Yet still mid tears I can rejoice
Thine earthly race is o'er.

Thou wert so pure, so innocent,
So gentle, tender, true,
Striving at all times for the right,
Fearing the wrong to do.

Thy heart so yearned for sympathy,
Yet deemed itself alone,
Esteeming others' virtues great,
Unconscious of thine own.

Thy warm and gushing tenderness
From taint of self was free,
Yet oft I trembled lest such love
Might prove idolatry.

Thy Father's wisdom marked the snare,
And hastened thee away,
In mercy, darling, thou wert spared
The burden of the day.

He knew, perhaps, thy childhood's faith
Might be too sorely tried,
That, tempted from the narrow path,
Thou would'st forsake His side,

And so He placed His treasure safe
Where rust can ne'er destroy,
That the pure gold might be undimm'd,
Unmixed with earth's alloy.

His ways are not the ways of man,
We cannot read them now,
But still with sweet submissiveness
Before His throne we bow,

And strive with trembling lip to say,
Father ! Thy will be done,
May we rejoin our treasured child
At set of earthly sun.

We thank Thee for Thy guardian care,
Thou didst our darling keep,
And now just for a little while
Hast laid her down to sleep.

Thou wilt watch o'er her night and day,
And nought shall break her rest,
So peacefully our little one
Lies cradled in Thy breast.

Oh ! may the Saviour whom she loved
Be our own guide and stay,
Until our night, like hers, is merged
In heaven's eternal day.



PETER'S CALL.

JOHN i, 40—42.

OH ! great must Andrew's bliss have been,
Too deep for words to tell,
When his own hand to Jesus led
The brother loved so well.

Himself had gathered Sharon's rose,
And prized its beauty rare,
Then sought with eager haste that all
Should in its fragrance share.

He went, and mark the blest result,
Faith loves the precious word,
Not only did he Peter find,
But brought him to the Lord.

Yes, potent was the heaven-born spell,
Strong were the cords of love,
No marvel that his brother's heart
Was drawn to God above.

And closer the fraternal band
Was woven round each heart,
Which time nor trial could untie,
Nor death itself could part.

Oh ! Christian ! learn this lesson well,
Seek thou thy home again,
And rest upon the promise sure,
Thy " work shall not be vain."

Labour unceasing day and night
Till those most cherish'd here
Shall, by thee led, the Saviour seek,
And find Him ever near.

Remember Abram's prayer of faith,
" Let Ishmael live to Thee,"
And rest not till the answer come,
" I will, so let it be !"

Forget not what a solemn trust,
Has unto thee been given,
And see that not one tiny gem,
Is lost, through thee, to heaven.

Not in thine own strength canst thou work,
But look for help above,
And drink more deeply day by day,
Of Christ's untiring love.

Faint not, but strive in peace to live,
From pride and anger free,
And daily deepened in thy soul
Let Jesus' image be.

So shalt thou win for God the hearts
Most closely linked to thine,
And thou shalt in thy Father's courts
With star-like radiance shine.

November, 1860.

“The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name
of the Lord.” Job i, 21.

THOU hast left us fair young spirit,
Escaped from sin and care,
And bliss unspeakable is thine
In the realms where all is fair.

Yet must our tears fall sadly
Tho' thine are wiped away,
Our beauteous star has set on earth,
Who shall bid our mourning stay ?

Our home indeed is desolate,
Where thou hast cherished been,
Since thou its life and light art fled
How dreary is the scene.

We may, we must deplore thee,
Our own, our household flower,
But we would not call thee back to earth,
Not e'en for one short hour.

No ! though our hearts are aching
We feel that thou art blest,
And selfish would the sorrow be
That could break thy spirit's rest.

But oh ! we miss thee, darling,
Thy sweet and gentle voice,
Would that its bird-like thrilling tones
Might yet our hearts rejoice.

We miss the beaming, sunny smile
That lightened up our hearth,
And chased away all thoughts of gloom,
All shadows from our path.

We dreamed not that so soon the grave
Should claim thee for its own,
That we should mourn in bitterness,
Our cherished hopes o'erthrown.

When others spoke of early death
We laughed their fears to scorn,
We dreamed not aught so beautiful
Could fade in life's young morn.

Our Father in his tenderness,
Resumed the gift He gave,
And took the child in love away,
The parents' souls to save.

Yet tho' thy days on earth were few,
Happy and blest they were,
A life of sunshine, mirth, and joy,
Exempt from pain and care.

Basking in love's warm, sunny ray,
From childhood thou hadst grown,
Life's dark and stern realities
To thee were things unknown.

Oh! when we think of future years
Of anguish, sin, and woe,
We must rejoice our darling one
No more can sorrow know.

We must be glad that thou art saved
From trials yet to come,
That ere thy childhood's faith grew dim
Gained is thy heavenly home.

In the land where now thou dwellest
Are endless joys and sure,
The portion blest of those we are told
Who to the end endure.

May we have grace and strength vouchsafed,
To tread the narrow way,
Till on our souls shall dawn the light
Of heaven's eternal day.

And in that world so bright and fair,
Where partings cannot be,
Before our own Redeemer's throne
Our cherished one we see.

THE POLISHED SHAFT.

"In the shadow of His hand hath He hid me, and made me a polished shaft: in His quiver hath He hid me, and said unto me, Thou art my servant, in whom I will be glorified." ISAIAH xlix, 2, 3.

"WITHIN His shadow hidden
" No trials can alarm,
" No foe can ever reach me,
" Nor death itself can harm.

"That hand which framed the heavens,
" And bid earth's beauty wake,
" The hand of God most holy,
" Doth that blest shadow make.

"And there my soul lies hidden
" Within that shade so deep,
" Whilst the triune Jehovah
" A watch o'er me doth keep."

Thus sang a joyous spirit,
From Satan's bondage freed,
Nor paused to think the Saviour's steps
Thro' thorny paths might lead.

But stay, oh ! ransomed spirit,
Thou art not now thine own,
Bought with a price most costly
To serve thy God alone.

And what if now thy Father
Shall in His love decree,
That thou within His quiver
A polished shaft shalt be.

Dost think thee how that polish
Must be by sorrow wrought,
How lessons, never conned in joy,
Must be by suffering taught.

Thou long'st, I know, to serve Him,
Dost shrink thee from the pain ?
Or would'st thou, counting thus the cost,
Be Satan's slave again ?

No! tho' His service bringeth
A baptism of tears,
Yet for such Master working,
Thy soul can know no fears.

Be still, then, till His Spirit,
Has wrought the polish fine,
Till, mirrored clearly in thy soul,
The Saviour's image shine.

Then in the light reflected,
From that all-glorious Sun,
Go forth, and in His promised strength
Be all His bidding done.

Fear not, tho' faint and drooping,
For He is at thy side,
“Thou art my servant, and in thee
“I will be glorified.”

And tho' the work assigned thee
May humble seem, and small,
The niche thou fillest, lowly,
Within the temple wall,

Yet know, nor man nor angel
Thy place can fill for thee,
Nor thine own work accomplish'd
By other hands can be.

Dost fear thee for the issue ?
Oh ! leave it in His hand,
Thou know'st He is omnipotent
Who uttered the command.

“ I will be glorified in thee,
“ And thou much fruit shalt bear,
“ It may be sown in suffering,
“ It may be nursed in care.

“ Yet shall it yield rich harvest
“ Before the set of sun,
“ And thou, my servant, from my lips
“ Shalt hear the words ‘ Well done.’ ”

January, 1861.



“THY WILL BE DONE.”

“**THY** will be done !” oh, dost thou think
How much those words involve ?
And canst thou, as a little child,
Thy will in His resolve ?

Is it the language of the heart,
Or but the lip’s cold form,
Canst thou abide, if He see fit,
The whirlwind and the storm ?

What if thine earthly lot be blest,
Thy dwelling-place most fair,
Wilt thou repine if clouds descend
In answer to thy prayer ?

Or if the one thy heart loves best
Be taken from thy sight,
Canst thou in very truth confess
That His will must be right ?

Or harder yet, if suffering fall
On those thy love would shield,
Will not thy fainting spirit shrink,
Thine own will be revealed ?

Bethink thee, when on bended knee
Thou dost these words repeat,
If such the meaning deep they bear,
Canst thou the answer meet ?

Not in thine own strength, surely not,
But when "divinely taught,"
The truth thou now canst scarcely grasp,
Shall home to thee be brought.

Blended with His thy will shall be,
Thine every doubt at rest,
Thy spirit cannot choose, but own
What He ordains is best.

It may seem dark, yet wait awhile,
The "light is in the cloud ;"
His purpose when the time has come,
No mystery shall unshroud.

All things are working for thy good,
Calmly the future leave,
Oh ! covet not what He withholds,
Just in His love believe.

And with a simple, childlike faith,
Bend Thou before His throne ;
“ Father, by me Thy will be done,
“ I seek not now mine own.”

Oct. 1859.

ON AN ANNUAL CEREMONY WHICH TAKES
PLACE AT MUNICH.

DEAR Ella, we are standing now
In Munich's palace hall,
Beside yon altar draped in white,
Rises a pulpit tall.

An open book is laid thereon,
Sweet incense fills the air,
The crucifix, from gaze profane,
Is veiled with closest care.

Couches of crimson velvet rich
Are ranged along the wall ;
Soft strains of music charm the ear,
And every sense enthral.

The massive door is opened wide,
A gay procession streams along,
But who is He, with kingly mien,
The centre of that glittering throng ?

Youthful he is, tho' trace of care,
Is graven on that lofty brow—
His step is firm, his manhood's prime,
He has but entered now.

Look round thee, Ella, for the scene
This hall shall see to-day
Is wondrous strange—a monarch now,
In rich and bright array,—

Bows down before twelve aged men,
The poorest of the land,
And condescends their feet to bathe
With his own royal hand ;

See now, he rises hastily,
And leaves his kingly seat,
From golden bowl, the water bright
He sprinkles o'er their feet.

Then on them almost tenderly
He lays the linen fine ;
And passes on, that noble prince
Of proud Bavaria's line.

I know 'tis but an empty show,
And yet my heart is glad,
To see that precious sovereign bend
To men infirm and sad.

Say, Ella, does not fancy roam
To Judah's beauteous land,
Where eighteen hundred years ago—
The King of kings did stand ;

Within a large and upper room
Of Salem's city fair,
The scene which this now represents,
Was then enacted there.

And Jesus, rising from the feast, the last
He e'er on earth should share,
Before those humble fishermen,
Bowed down with lowliest air.

He stooped and washed the apostles' feet,
Then turning said, "Thus do
"To others, as your Lord and King
"Has this day done to you."

Oh ! may we, Ella, from our Lord
This precious lesson learn,
And may our hearts with meekness bow ;
With love unfeigned burn.

"Christ left us an example, that we should follow His steps :"
1 PETER ii, 21.

OH ! holy, pure Emmanuel !
Our spotless Saviour-God,
How shall our sinful feet essay
The path Thy footsteps trod ?



No passing thought of guilt or sin
Disturbed Thy stainless breast,
Not for a moment, on Thy brow,
Might sin's dark shadow rest.

In vain the prince of darkness, Lord,
Thy purity assailed,
For lo! a perfect Godhead
Was in perfect manhood veiled,
And yet no shadowy type wert Thou,
Thy people's model true,
The earthly path their Master trod
His servants must pursue.

Yes, Saviour, we will follow Thee
In heart and soul each day,
But Thou must first Thy Spirit give
To guide us "in the Way."
Our childhood, in Thy Nazareth home,
Would this sweet lesson read,
How Thou wert to Thy parents dear,
Subject in word and deed.

Love was the secret, mighty spring,
Which ruled Thy daily life,
And Thine own children must be free
From anger, pride, and strife ;
Humility with influence sweet
Each home and heart must fill,
And draw us daily to Thy feet,
To learn "our Father's" will.

Thou wert on earth "a man of prayer,"
Oh! teach us how to pray,
And may "the chain 'twixt earth and heaven"
Grow brighter day by day ;
The idol self must be dethroned,
Each thought be only Thine,
And still more clearly in our souls
Must burn the Light divine.

The world will "knowledge take of us
"That we have been with Thee,"
Then give us grace that we each hour
May more consistent be ;

No falsehood may our hearts or lips
E'en for a moment stain,
From words unkind and judgments harsh,
Oh ! help us to refrain !

And tho' the distance vast may seem
At which we "follow Thee,"
Yet grant that every step we take
May in Thy foot-prints be ;
Until we reach our home above,
And share the bliss of those
Who follow, in that world so fair,
The Lamb where'er He goes.

"I will make thee as a signet :" HAGGAI ii, 23.

THE signet of the King of kings !
What word is graven there ?
The name of our Emmanuel
In characters most fair.

The Father's hand those letters traced
On each believer's soul,
In that blest hour when whispered were
Those words "Thou art made whole."

And ne'er can time nor sin efface
Those characters of light,
Which still thro' endless ages shall
Grow brighter and more bright.

But, soul, bethink thee, why such bliss
To Adam's race is given ;
Why sinners vile the impress bear,
Of Him who dwells in heaven.

Go, find an answer in that Word
Which ne'er can broken be,
Is it not this, that "in the world
"Ye testify of Me" ?

Yes, all who run must read that name,
Engraved on deed and thought,
That they too may be won from earth,
And to the Saviour brought.

Living epistles, known of men,
With God's own seal affixed,
Surely the tablets He hath traced
Should be with sin unmixed.

Then, Christian ! see that in thy soul
His name so brightly shine,
That all around the Word may read,
Clear in the Light Divine.

Ask that the Father's hand renew
The writing day by day,
Lest friction from the world without,
Those letters wear away.

Remember what a mighty power
In Jesus' name resides,
And know thou it to him belongs,
Who in his Lord abides.

And that tho' weak the signet seems,
Yet held in God's right hand,
It may on souls an impress make,
Which shall for ever stand.

This thought thy heart shall gladden oft
When faint and weary grown,
Thy nothingness shall be forgot,
The seal is His alone.

July, 1861.

AFTER HEARING A SERMON PREACHED IN
CHRIST CHURCH, BRIGHTON.

"Prepare to meet thy God :" Amos iv, 12.

PREPARE to meet thy God ! how oft
The warning sounds in vain,
We turn in heart from death-bed scenes,
Back to the world again ;
And yet the words—we cannot drown,
They ring out loud and clear ;
Before the judgment seat of God,
Each soul must soon appear.

Yes ! we must meet Him, yet the thought,
Should not be wrapped in dread,



For healthier far the influence sweet,
 Hope o'er the mind doth shed ;
But how shall hope, with colouring bright,
 That awful scene pourtray,
Where earth shall reel, and heaven itself
 Shall scroll-like pass away ?

What is the hope which can support,
 The trembling spirit cries,
When never-ending bliss or woe,
 Poised on a moment lies ?
Nought but the one “experience works,
 “Can at that hour avail ;
“Steadfast and sure by Jesus made,
 “Entering within the veil.”

Let but a simple, earnest faith,
 Daily thy Lord endear—
And then those words, “to meet thy God,”
 Contain no notes of fear.
Thy spirit cannot shrink dismayed
 From Him thou lovest best,
No, rather wilt thou long to be,
 Enfolded to His breast.

But see that thou art fitly robed,
To "meet" the Master's eye,
Let not His pure and holy gaze,
One spot or stain descry ;
His hand hath woven garments fair,
He offers one to thee ;
Put on Christ's robe of righteousness,
And thou shalt perfect be,

Arrayed in that, thou art more pure
Than angel hosts above—
"There is no spot nor stain in thee,"
Thou art all fair, my love.
But keep thy garments white and clean,
"Unspotted" from the world,
And let thy Saviour's banner be
Before thy foes unfurled,

Where'er thou art, oh ! let these words
Thine every action test,
"Art thou preparing here for God,
"And heaven's eternal rest ?"
If not, then turn with hasty steps,
And flee as for thy life,

Oh ! linger not a moment more
In scenes of sin and strife.

Seek thou communion oft in prayer,
And daily draw more near,
So when the archangel's trump shall sound,
Thy soul shall know no fear ;
But, strong in quiet confidence,
Shall cry with joyful voice,
“ This is my God, for whom I wait,
“ I will in Him rejoice.”

November, 1860.

TO M. AND S. H.

“ Without fault before the throne of God : ” Rev. xiv, 5.

OH ! wondrous truth and passing sweet,
Ye loved ones ! lift your eyes,
Turn from the couch of pain and death,
Not there your mother lies !

Not there, not there, the ransomed soul
Hath winged its way from earth,
And rests—its weary exile o'er—
With Him who gave it birth.

Faultless, unfettered, pure, and bright,
Filled with the "Light" Divine,
For ever in God's firmament"
A beauteous star to shine.

Say, could ye wish such bliss exchanged
For earth's delusive joys,
Or be content such wealth to store
Where rust and moth destroys.

Not so, ye cannot but rejoice,
For lo! that gem so fair,
Rough hewn from earth, yet polished bright
And set with wondrous care,

Is sparkling now before God's throne,
And in a thousand ways
Reflecting, with a lustre pure,
The "Light's" resplendent rays,

She is—she must be wholly blest,
For her my heart is glad,
But for your sakes, oh, loving ones,
I cannot but be sad.

The silver cord indeed is loosed,
Yet only loosed, not broken,
God's hand again shall draw it close,
For so His Word hath spoken.

He loved, and could no longer spare,
Her whom each hour made dearer,
He stoop'd from heaven, and whisper'd low,
“Child of my love, draw nearer.”

And straight the ransom'd happy soul
Exchanged earth's gloom and sadness,
For that bright home of perfect joy,
And seraph's songs of gladness.

Without a fault before the throne
She stands in raiment white,
Her Saviour's hand that garment wove,
Too fair for mortal sight.

Ye could not look upon her now,
But "trust" and ye shall see
The mother ye so dearly love
In God's eternity.

"A little while" and ye too shall
The conqueror's crown receive,
Press on in patient earnestness,
And in your Lord believe.

His promise cannot broken be,
His word is very sure,
Eternal life is pledged to those
Who to the end endure.

And oh, when tempted most, recal
Her beauteous daily life
Of faith in Him, by whom alone
She conquered in the strife.

Ye stood beside her dying couch,
Ye marked the pain and anguish,
Say, would ye call from bliss the soul
In suffering still to languish.

Miss her ye must—yet dry your tears,
She's reached her home above,
And one day she will welcome there
The children of her love.

March, 1862.

THE FURNACE FIRES.

“I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction :” ISAIAH xlviii.

THE furnace fires are lighted,
Yet by no stranger hands ;
Beside thee, sufferer, in the flame,
Thy loving Saviour stands,
He knoweth all thine anguish,
He counteth every pain,
And oh ! he reckoneth surely,
Not one grief could be vain.

The sting of thy deep sorrow
Thou may’st from man conceal,
But safely to thy Saviour,
Thou canst the wound reveal,

Himself hath felt the agony,
Hath bowed Him 'neath the load,
And knelt in dark Gethsemane,
Where tears of anguish flowed.

If thou indeed canst see Him,
Canst feel His presence near,
Then, tho' the flame burn fiercely,
There is no room for fear ;
The fining pot for silver,
But the furnace for the gold,
Cleansed, purified, yet not consum'd,
For Deity doth hold.

The vessel for the Master's use
Must thus have been refined,
For high within His palace fair,
The niche to it assigned,
And tho' the eye of man perchance,
No flaw nor stain could see,
The Great King marked how earth's alloy,
Tarnished its purity.



And therefore, since it long had been
Most precious in His sight,
He willed that in affliction's fire,
The fine gold should grow bright ;
But night and day He watcheth
Lest the flame too fierce might prove,
That when the fitting time should come
He might the ore remove.

The great Refiner sitteth
Beside the furnace fire,
Awaiting the fulfilment
Of His loving heart's desire ;
Slowly the dross is purged away,
The lustre growtheth bright,
And the fair polished surface
Reflecteth heaven's own light.

The Saviour's beauteous image,
Is mirrored in the heart—
Then must the flames be quenchéd,
They well have done their part ;

And the “vessel” that was “chosen,”
E’en in affliction’s frame,
Shall testify of Jesus,
And bear His holy name.

That name which sorrow graveth
So deeply on the gold,
Shall shine each day more brightly,
Till life itself grow cold ;
And thro’ eternal ages
All eyes shall clearly trace
How furnace fires on earth were blest,
And own God’s wondrous grace.

May, 1868.

THE “BAYARD” OF INDIA.

THE marriage bells of England’s heir
Still echoed through the land,
When India’s “Bayard” passed from earth,
To join the spirit band.

And 'mid a nation's hymn of joy,
The notes of woe were heard,
For he, "the fearless, the unstained,"
Had bowed him at death's word.

Aye, well may tears of sorrow fall
O'er gallant Outram's bier,
And long the memory of his life
To English hearts be dear.

Brave, noble, generous, free from self,
Cast in no common mould,
Those who his bright career recall,
Can ne'er true praise withhold.

On Indian annals stands his name,
Never to be effaced,
Which yet within the hearts he loved,
More deeply still is traced.

Methinks one generous deed of his
Cast all the rest in shade,
And in its simple, touching grace,
A noble soul betrayed.

'Twas when—the victor's laurel wreath
Well nigh within his grasp—
He waived his right that fame her star
On Havelock's breast might clasp.

Surely such pure unselfishness
A halo shed o'er him,
In whose fair light all earthly praise
Grew faded, pale, and dim.

And if perchance one trait more fair
Circled his name with grace,
'Twas that unfeigned humility
Which took "the lowest place."

Ever to others gave he praise,
Their merits quick confess,
Unconscious that himself might rank
Aye even with the best.

A simple manly heart was his,
That swerved not from its aim,
Heedless alike when duty called
Of public praise or blame.

The victor's wreath *befitted* him,
Yet scarcely could *adorn*,
His noble soul were surely crowned
Had he no laurel worn.

Ah! truly may our country weep,
Her "mighty chief" lies low,
And softly through the marriage chimes
Must swell her notes of woe.

Nor marvel we, for ever here,
Sorrow with joy entwines,
And only in the deathless land
The sun unclouded shines.

"A little while" and we shall leave
Earth's shadows, sin, and pain,
And re-united, link by link,
Shall be love's broken chain.

March, 1863.



ON READING A CASE IN THE "TIMES," ENTITLED
"WITHOUT HOPE."

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy :" JOHN xvi, 20.

DAUGHTER of sorrow ! thou dost bear
Thy lot of anguish well,
Long years of suffering and of care
Thy faith and patience tell.
Firmly the cross thou claspest,
Though heavy must it be,
Yet even whilst thou graspest,
He lifteth it *with* thee.

Aye, and thou know'st it resteth
Upon His arm of power,
Which fainteth not nor faileth
E'en in the darkest hour.
This is the secret spell which holds
Thy spirit calm and still,
Love wraps thee in its closest folds,
And whispers " 'tis His will."

And what if "for a little while"
 He chasten thee with pain,
Read thou this message in his smile,
 "Thou weepest not in vain;"
Thy sorrow shall be turned to joy,
 Thy mourning changed to bliss,
Then ask not here delights that cloy,
 And heaven's fair treasures miss.

Nay, rather choose thee suffering here,
 If thou the choice canst make.
And part with all that man holds dear
 For such a costly stake,—
I know, frail sufferer, full well,
 How strong thy faith has been,
I would thy tongue could plainly tell
 The glories thou hast seen.

Vain wish—yet ah ! thy life indeed
 Speaks volumes to the heart,
Which those around perchance will read
 And choose the better part.

What tho' in life's swift earnest race
Others may press before,
Know, while to *run* may need much grace,
Calmly to *wait* needs more.

God took thee from the crowd aside
To whisper in thine ear,
“ Fear not, my child, whate'er betide,
“ Thy Saviour, God, is near.”
Let not thy loving spirit grieve,
Nor deem thee set aside,
Give freely what thou dost receive,
He shall be glorified.

Thy work “ He shall in truth direct,”
Yea, bring it unto thee ;
Do thou a harvest rich expect,
Abundant it shall be ;
And tho' it be not garnered here,
In heaven it shall be stored,
And many a soul by thee brought near,
Be sealed unto the Lord.

May, 1863.





